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# THE SHIP IN THE WAKE

*A THREE-ACT PLAY FOR  
BOYS AND YOUNG MEN*



*By*

Rev. P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.



# The Ship in the Wake

a Three Act Play

For Boy's and Young Men



By

Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C.

Published by the Author  
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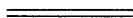


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# AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE ORIGINAL CAST



Father Hyland—Spiritual Director of the Junior Holy Name  
Society ----- Ulrich Hiss  
Frank Moore—President ----- Edmund Probst  
Will Foster—Vice-President ----- Edmund Luther  
John Pierce—Treasurer ----- Elmer Kline  
Don Wise—Secretary ----- Harold Winkler

## LEADING MEMBERS

Tommie Donovan ----- Howard Daveline  
"Red" Werner ----- Joseph Zangerle  
"Mope" Templeton ----- William Braunsdorf  
"Spots" Bayfield ----- Louis Kinerk  
George Eyre ----- Lawrence Miller  
Ray Higgins ----- Harold Archambeault  
Dick Johnson ----- Edward Keller  
Lemon Lennihan ----- Paul Beriault  
"Toby" Tucker ----- Arthur Howard  
Ralph Regan ----- Melvin Humphrey  
"Happy" Anderson ----- Elmer Kline  
"Skinny" McCabe ----- Aloysius Lamirand  
"Dude" Weeman (who won't join) ----- Clayson Hauck

## MEMBERS OF MAGNOLIA CLUB

Frank Hewitt ----- Ralph Cressy  
Everett Brown ----- Bernard McCaffery  
Ernest Smithson ----- John Guendling  
Harold Dixon ----- Lawrence Daveline  
Ebberfield Chesterton ----- Clifford Davies  
Leeland Stanton ----- Maurice Thornton  
John ----- } who wish to be called } ----- Maurice Thornton  
Catherine ----- } ----- Ruth Frain  
Book Agent ----- Lawrence Daveline  
A Pilgrim in Need ----- Ralph Cressy  
Little Girl ----- Mary Joyce

## PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

FATHER HYLAND—Spiritual Director of the Junior Holy Name Society.

FRANK MOORE—The President.

WILL FOSTER—The Vice-President.

JOHN PIERCE—The Treasurer.

DON WISE—The Secretary.

TOMMIE DONOVAN

"RED" WERNER

"MOPE" TEMPLETON

"SPOTS" BAYFIELD

GEORGE EYRE

RAY HIGGINS

DICK JOHNSON

"LEMON" LENNIHAN

TOBY TUCKER

RALPH REGAN

"HAPPY" ANDERSON

"SKINNY" MCCABE

"DUDE" WEEMAN—Who won't join.

EVERETT BROWN

ERNEST SMITHSON

HAROLD DIXON

EBBERFIELD CHESTERTON

LEELAND STANTON

FRANK HEWITT

JOHN

CATHERINE

Book Agent.

A Pilgrim in Need.

Little Girl.

} Prominent Members.

} Members of the Mangolia Club.

} Who wish to be "called."

TIME—THIS YEAR.

PLACE—A SMALL TOWN.

### ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*Street in a Small Town.*

SCENE II.—*Priest's Study.*

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mangolia Club Room.*

SCENE II.—*Gymnasium of Junior Holy Name.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mangolia Club Room.*

SCENE II.—*Meeting Room of Junior Holy Name.*

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

TIME—3:30 P. M. Mid-June.

SCENE—*Street corner. Children just dismissed from school. People passing back and forth.*

MOORE, FOSTER, PIERCE, WISE, DONOVAN, WERNER *enter carrying school books. Groups of children pass along on the sidewalk. Two boys discovered pitching pennies when the curtain goes up.*

Moore—One more week, kids, an' then school will be out. Then I'm goin' fishin'.

Foster—If I don't pass, Dad said I'd have to hoe beans all summer.

Pierce—That's cause you ain't got no bean.

Foster—[Ironically] Say, but you're some smart guy!

Wise—Dude Weeman's goin' to stylish 'cademy in the East where rich guys go.

Donovan—Who told you?

Wise—His ma. Said kids round here too rough.

Werner—Huh! Dude never goes with us guys anyhow, so how does he know?

Templeton—That's right. Dude hangs out at the—what's that you call that place?

Bayfield—Mangolia Club, you boob.

Templeton—Mangolia Club—yeh, that's it.

Bayfield—Dude's stuck on himself anyhow. Like to bat him one [*striking palm with fist*].

Eyre—Yeh, so would I, too!

Higgins—That ain't 'lowed.

Eyre—Why ain't it?

Higgins—Shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Shalt not kill!

Eyre—Huh! who's killin', I'd like to know?

Higgins—Well, 'tain't allowed, that's all. Didn't I punch a kid an' didn't I get it at confesh' next Saturday!

Johnson—Dude don't belong to the Junior Holy Name, does he?

Lennihan—Nah; an' he never goes to the gym, either.

Tucker—Course he don't; I'd biff him one with the boxin' gloves if he did.

Higgins—That ain't allowed.

Tucker—Huh, where d'ye get that stuff?

Higgins—Shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Shalt not kill.

*Regan*—Say, Higgins, what shu tryin' to give us?

*Higgins*—Well, ain't that the catechism? An' didn't I punch a guy once an' didn't I get it next Saturday?

*Regan*—Well, he's a dude. 'Spect he should join some girls' club.

*Tucker*—Like to biff him one first.

*Anderson*—What fur?

*Tucker*—So his nose would bleed, an' then I bet shu he'd be a kid.

*McCabe*—Well, if a kid wants to go East to school, what's the diff?

*Moore*—Lots a diff.

*McCabe*—Well, what diff?

*Moore*—Well, he'll get in with a bunch of smart guys, an' he won't go to confession any more.

*Higgins*—That's rash judgment.

*Tucker*—Say, Hig, you must be tryin' for the job o' teachin' Sunday School.

*Higgins*—[*Looking at the others*] Well, ain't it right, kids, ain't it right? Judge not an' thou shalt not be judged.

*Regan*—Say, kids, ain't that awful? Just when you want to do somethin' you want to, another guy comes in an' says, "Thou shalt not," or somethin'.

*Moore*—Hig is right, kids, Hig is right. We ain't got no business talkin' about Dude, 'cause it's wrong to knock a guy.

*Tucker*—Well, I'd like to knock him one good one on the nose, an' then he could go East to that 'cademy or wherever he wanted to.

*Anderson*—Sister said we shouldn't be scrappin'.

*McCabe*—Naw, she didn't say "scrappin'."

*Anderson*—Well, what did she say then?

*McCabe*—She said [*imitating*], "Boys, boys, you must not engage in rude fighting."

*Lennihan*—Rude fighting! Good night!

*McCabe*—Yep, rude fightin' [*illustrating*] meanin' uppercuts an' such.

*Eyre*—Say, kids, let's quit crabbin', live in peace an' harmony an' go to the gym.

*Bayfield*—Amen!

*Werner*—Ain't got my tennis shoes.

*Bayfield*—What's the diff?

*Donovan*—Lots o' diff. You let Father Hyland see you without tennis shoes an' you'll find out what's the diff.

*Bayfield*—Well, I guess he saw me without tennis shoes t'other day an' he didn't do nothin'.

*Donovan*—Aw, what shu givin' us?



*Bayfield*—On the square.

*Donovan*—Tell us 'bout it.

*Bayfield*—Well, I jes' went into the gym without my tennis shoes an' began playin'. Father Hyland comes in an' says [*imitating*], "Young man, where are your tennis shoes?" "Home," says I. "Best go an' get 'em," says he. "O, I don't know 'bout that," says I. "Well, I know," says he. "O, I don't think so," says I. "All right, then," says Father Hyland, "an' excuse me, an' I beg your pardon."

*Wise*—[*Ironically*] Yes, you said all that!

*Anderson*—[*Ironically*] O, yes, you did!

*Bayfield*—Well, ain't it the truth?

*Wise*—No, of course 'tain't, an' you know 'tain't.

*Anderson*—No, sir-ee, it's a lie.

*Eyre*—Yes, sir, a lie.

*Bayfield*—Well, it's a lie in fun, an' that ain't no lie.

*Moore*—Say, kids, it's near four o'clock; let's go to the gym.

*Bayfield*—Yeh, I want a little basket-ball.

*Wise*—An' I want a little boxin'.

*Werner*—An' I want a few swings on the bar.

*Johnson*—An' I want a game of indoor.

*Tucker*—Comin', Lemon?

*Lennihan*—Naw; got to go to the hardware store for my dad.

*Tucker*—Comin', Hig?

*Higgins*—Can't; got to mow the lawn.

*Moore*—Now, fellows, let's play fair an' have a good time.

*Bayfield*—An' say, fellows, don't let us forget and ask Father Hyland about the circus.

*Eyre*—That's right, the circus! Who'll ask the permish?

*Bayfield*—The president an' vice-president, of course.

*Werner*—That's right, Frank an' Bill.

[*Exeunt all except HIGGINS and LENNIHAN, who continue to pitch pennies. Enter WEEMAN.*]

*Higgins*—Hello, Dude. Where you goin'?

*Weeman*—[*Coldly*] To the club.

*Higgins*—Why don't shu come into the gym with the fellows?

*Weeman*—Don't care to; they're so rough. Besides, I've a swell time over at the club.

*Lennihan*—Gee, Dude, you ought to get in with the bunch. Those club fellows are stuck up; besides, you don't belong with them.

*Weeman*—Well, I guess I do. Do you suppose I'm goin' to stick around with a bunch of rough-necks? No, sir—the club for me!

*Higgins*—Now look here, Dude, you'll be sorry some day. You know Father Hyland wants every kid to join the Junior Holy Name. You might just as well stick around with your own crowd.

*Weeman*—Nix on that! Don't catch me joinin' that thing. Don't have to; goin' to Waverly 'Cademy in September.

*Lenniham*—You'll be sorry for goin' way off there. Now see if you don't!

*Weeman*—Well, I'm goin' all right. I'll tell Father Hyland this afternoon. See me have a good time when I go East! [Exit.]

*Higgins*—Say, Lemon, I'm sorry for that kid.

*Lenniham*—Why?

*Higgins*—'Cause he runs round with a bunch he don't belong to an' don't stick in with his own crowd.

*Lenniham*—Guess that's right. Well, so long, Hig. I've got to go to the hardware store for my dad. [Exit.]

*Higgins*—Dude, the poor kid! Gosh. I wish he'd join the Junior Holy Name, and go to Communion with the rest o' the kids!

[Curtain.]

## SCENE II.

TIME— $\frac{1}{4}$  P. M. Mid-June.

SCENE—FATHER HYLAND'S Study. Large table in centre of room. A bookcase, chairs, pictures, etc. FATHER HYLAND seated at desk writing when curtain goes up. Desk telephone.

*Father Hyland*—Well, I must get this lecture on the "Worth of an Ideal" for the Women's Guild of Combined Charities for Wednesday evening if I have to sit up all night. I wonder why I was so foolish as to consent to lecture in the first place. A lot of women—mostly idle, mostly talking women, for an audience. Surely one has enough to do without starting off on the lecture platform—God save the mark! Now there's the St. Vincent de Paul, the Young Men's Club, the Sodalities, and, worst of all, the crowd of Junior Holy Name boys. [Pauses.] Why are boys, anyhow? [Pauses.] I wonder. Well, well, this won't do; I must get after that lecture. Let me see? "The Worth of an Ideal?" What is an ideal worth, to begin with? Or rather, what is an ideal? [Pauses.] I wonder? But I musn't let the Women's Guild of Combined Charities know I'm wondering. Let me see? [Pauses to re-

*flect.*] How shall I begin? [*Pauses.*] Very dignified in this manner. [*Begins writing.*] "My dear Ladies of the Women's Guild of the Combined Charities: It gives me great pleasure to open" [*door bell rings*] the door in this instance. Come in.

[*Enters Book Agent, who carries large suit-case.*]

*Book Agent*—[*Smiling*] Father Hyland, I believe?

*Father Hyland*—[*Very stiffly*] Yes, sir.

*Book Agent*—Father, I represent the Belmont Publishing Company of New York, that is just putting on the market a twelve-volume Encyclopedia containing all possible information on every conceivable subject. No business, professional or educated man can afford to be without this most imposing product of the human brain. Now, if you'll just give me a few moments of your valuable time, I'll produce for you [*begins to open a suit-case*].

*Father Hyland*—[*Standing up*] My dear man, I'm busy.

*Book Agent*—[*Continuing to open suit-case*] Yes, but Father, no man—

*Father Hyland*—I'm busy, I tell you!

*Book Agent*—[*Still working at the suit-case*] Now, Father, in one moment I'll show you the whole assortment of—

*Father Hyland*—I'm busy; I don't want your whole assortment. Go!

*Book Agent*—Well, then, perhaps you'll permit me to leave some literature.

*Father Hyland*—No, I don't want *you* to leave literature. I want *you* to leave. [*Exit Book Agent slowly.*]

*Book Agent*—[*Going out*] Good day, Father.

*Father Hyland*—Good day to you, sir. Book agents have enough brass for a whole brass foundry! Well, I'm rid of him, anyhow. [*Goes back to his desk and reads his MS.*] "My dear Ladies of the Women's Guild of Combined Charities: It gives me great pleasure to open [*writes*] your first general meeting this evening. I feel you are women of vast purposes and high ideals, hence I have decided to—" [*Telephone rings.*] Good heavens! Can't a man have a minute to himself! [*Takes down receiver.*] 334. Yes, this is the priest's house. When will the 10:30 mass be next Sunday? Why, at 10:30 most probably, madam. [*Hangs up receiver with a bang.*] Let me see? Where was I? O, yes—"I feel [*reading*] you are women of vast purposes and high ideals, hence I have decided to [*begins writing*] to speak to you on the 'Worth of an Ideal.' The world today is sadly in need of uplift, of an awakening to the touch of holier things." [*Door bell. Enter Little Girl.*]

*Little Girl*—Father, mamma wants to know if you found her beads?

*Father Hyland*—No, dear, I didn't find her beads. Where did she lose them?

*Little Girl*—Somewhere.

*Father Hyland*—Somewhere? No doubt, no doubt, indeed.

*Little Girl*—What'll I tell my mamma?

*Father Hyland*—Tell your mamma to be good and not to lose her beads next time. [*Gives Little Girl a pair of beads. She goes out and returns again almost immediately.*]

*Little Girl*—Thank you, Father. Good-bye, Father.

*Father H.*—[*With mock-solemnity*] Madam, I say you farewell. [*After a pause.*] "The world today is sadly in need of uplift, of an awakening to the touch of holier things. [*Resumes writing.*] The age is a sordid one. Getting and spending we lay waste our powers. The clamor for money is dinned into our ears until we grow heart-sick." [*Door bell rings.*] Come in! [*Enter Tramp.*]

*Father Hyland*—[*Aside.*] Yes, here comes the clamor for money.

*Tramp*—Father, I's just a guy as got out o' the hospital in South America an' had to tramp all the way here.

*Father Hyland*—[*Ironically.*] Considerable journey, I'm sure!

*Tramp*—[*Approaching nearer to the desk.*] Haven't had a bite since I left there, an' I'd be jest awful thankful, Father, if you'd have a few spare dimes about you.

*Father Hyland*—[*With a show of reflecting.*] A few dimes? That's thirty cents. Times are hard, friend. We have any number of deserving poor right here at home.

*Tramp*—[*Appealingly.*] Father, you surely wouldn't refuse a poor guy thirty cents?

*Father Hyland*—I wouldn't, eh? You don't know me, my dear sir.

*Tramp*—Fore God, Father, I used to be a good guy in my young days! Served mass when I was a kid; have six brothers priests and four sisters nuns.

*Father Hyland*—My, but you must belong to a pious family! Now look here, friend, I know every word you say is a lie. You live a lie and, of course, you cannot help telling lies! Now, if I give you thirty cents you'd spend it in the next saloon.

*Tramp*—No, honest, Father, I won't. I'll spend ten cents for a drink and twenty cents for grub.

*Father Hyland*—[*Taking change from his pocket and counting with deliberation.*] Then I'll give you twenty cents for the grub and you get along without any drink.

*Tramp*—Thank you, Father. [*Aside.*] Guess I'll change my mind. I'll spend a dime for the grub and a dime for a drink. [*Exit.*]

*Father Hyland*—That's positively the last time I'll ever give money to a tramp! [*Goes back to lecture.*] Let me see? [*Reading.*] Yes—"The clamor for money is dinned into our ears until we grow heart-sick." Then the tramp came in at this point with six brothers priests and four sisters nuns and, of course, my heart melted. Let me think? Yes—[*Writing.*] "With the world of today, what we have is set above what we are. A man's money is more than a man's self. To un"—[*Telephone. Answers sharply.*] Well? The Range Factory? Do we install hot-air plants? [*Disgusted.*] No, no, you mistake. We don't deliver hot air—at least not always. Good day, sir. Don't mention it. [*Resumes writing.*] "To understand fully the meaning of life we must hold the ideals of life highly. Truth, justice, charity, mercy are to guide us in our dealings with our fellows." [*Door bell rings.*] Now how can a man think? Come in!

[*Enter MOORE and FOSTER.*]

*Father Hyland*—Well?

*Moore*—Father, the kids sent us guys over to ask to get out o' school tomorrow so we could see the circus.

*Father Hyland*—[*Pretending with mock-solemnity not to understand.*] I do not get your thought.

*Foster*—The guys said we should come over and ask you to let us go to the circus.

*Father Hyland*—[*Pretending to be mystified.*] Guys? Kids? I do not comprehend.

*Moore*—Well, we'd like to go to the circus.

*Father Hyland*—Who?

*Moore and Foster*—Us kids.

*Father Hyland*—Kids? Kids? Are not kids young goats?

*Moore*—[*Coaxing.*] Please, Father, ken we?

*Father Hyland*—No, you kent!

*Foster*—Just this once, Father, please! We haven't been to a circus this year.

*Father Hyland*—[*With mock dramatic effect.*] Sirs, I am not in the giving mood today.

*Moore*—Gee, whiz!

*Foster*—Please, Father, loosen up!

*Father Hyland*—I repeat, I am not in the giving mood today.

*Moore*—Won't you please, Father!

*Foster*—O, please!

*Father Hyland*—[*Reflects for a moment.*] Boys, you may

go. Return and ask correctly. After that, we will consider your request. [*A sweep of the hand indicating dismissal.*] You may now consider the matter of your departure.

Moore and Foster—[*Going out slowly.*] Thank you, Father.

Father Hyland—Those boys! And yet what would life be if there were no boys! Well, we'll try the lecture again. [*Reads.*] "Truth, justice, charity, mercy are to guide us in our dealings with our fellows. [*Writes.*] "Men today live high and think low." Good contrast, that! "They live on the roof and think in the cellar." A touch of humor for the low-brows. [*Door bell rings.*] Come in! [*Louder.*] Come in! [*Enter young couple who appear very bashful.*] Ah, John, how do you do; and Catherine, how are you? [*Each one answers "Very well, Father, thank you."*] Be seated. [*They sit down. A long pause during which JOHN fingers his hat and looks at CATHERINE. She in turn shows signs of bashfulness.*]

John—[*Hesitating and looking at CATHERINE.*] Well, Father, we came in to-to be called.

Father Hyland—In to be called? To be called what?

John—Sunday.

Father Hyland—Sunday?

John—Yes, next Sunday. We have been thinking about—are going—have decided to be married.

Father Hyland—[*Pretending to be enlightened.*] O! I see, I see. [*Pause.*] How old are you, John? [*Pause, during which he looks at JOHN.*]

John—Twenty-two, Father.

Father Hyland—And you, Catherine? [*Pause, during which he looks at CATHERINE.*]

Catherine—Twenty, Father.

Father Hyland—[*After another long pause, looking from one to the other, in an aside.*] So young and yet so wise! [*To them.*] Yes, I'll announce you.

Catherine—[*Rising and walking to the desk.*] Father, I'd like to have two bridesmaids.

Father Hyland—Certainly—or a dozen if you like. [*Telephone.*] Yes, this is Father Hyland. O, you're Mrs. Brown and you'd like to call in to see me on some business. Well, the fact is, Mrs. Brown, I'm very busy most of the day—Oh, you want to rent a pew! Why, sure; come right up any time. [*Hangs up telephone, walks up to JOHN and shakes hands.*] Good day and good luck to you, John.

John—Good day, and thank you, Father.

Father Hyland—[*Shaking hands with CATHERINE.*] Good afternoon, Catherine.

Catherine—Good afternoon, Father.

Father Hyland—[*Still standing, muses.*] “They live on the roof and think in the cellar!” [*Sits down and resumes writing.*] “The passion for speech leaves no time for calm consecutive thinking. People’s tongues are worn from usage, while their brains gather rust. The old domestic virtues are forgotten in the clamor for the sentimentally heroic. Women think.” [*Door bell rings.*] Heavens! These interruptions are unbearable. Come in! [*Enter MOORE and FOSTER.*] Again!

Moore and Foster—[*Bowing very solemnly.*] Father, the boys of your parochial school most humbly request you to give them permission to see the circus which will appear in our city tomorrow. [*Both bow second time.*]

Father Hyland—[*With mock solemnity.*] We will consider your request and will answer you in a less dispassioned moment. Go,—and stand not upon the order of your going. [*They go out slowly. Telephone bell rings.*] Well! You want to know if we have any fresh eggs? Why, certainly not—we don’t keep such things; everything is stale around here. No, this is not the grocery. Where is the grocery? Consult the telephone book and I’m sure you’ll locate one. Good afternoon! [*Enter WEEMAN dressed very stylishly.*] [*Aside.*] Another interruption! Heavens, I’ll never get that lecture! Well?

Weeman—I just dropped in to tell you I’ve decided to go to Waverly Academy next September.

Father Hyland—[*Ironically.*] O! so you’ve decided, eh? And who are you to decide? A mere boy, a green youngster, a lad still in his salad days. So, so, *you* have *decided* to attend Waverly Academy!

Weeman—[*Doggedly.*] Well, my mother said I could go.

Father Hyland—Of course, of course. Mothers sometimes do very foolish things.

Weeman—Besides, I don’t like it round here. The boys aren’t a bit nice. Mother said I must get in with a better set.

Father Hyland—[*Forcibly.*] Young man, I know your case. It’s as common as house flies. You’ve money and you want to move in big company. It’s the curse of money that when people get it, they want to pass out of the lives of simple people to the lives of people who spend and enjoy. You think because you’ve more money than other boys around here, you’re better than they are. A big purse often means a big head. Of course you don’t care for our boys; they don’t wear belts, and haven’t white socks and can’t shoot round corners in a Pierce-Arrow. Of course you don’t care for them. That’s why you’re never with them at Communion; that’s why you’re not at their meetings; that’s why you weren’t with them at their picnic.

You move higher up—at the Mangolia Club, out at the golf links, off at the lakes where the rich people enjoy themselves. Young man, you have a good father; but if he did the right thing with you, you'd be driving a team of horses instead of a Pierce-Arrow. Young man, you're getting into the wrong line of march. You belong to the Holy Name Juniors and you're trying to keep step with the silk stockings of the Mangolia Club. You can't keep up with them—their pace is too swift. Just see where you'll land!

*Weeman*—[*Doggedly.*] Well, I've made up my mind to go.

*Father Hyland*—Of course you have, and I'm not hoping to alter it. Before a man can change his mind he must have a mind to change. Go ahead! When you're wrecked on the white-decked Mangolia we'll send a life-boat with some Holy Name boys to get you. In trying to keep your socks white see that your soul doesn't get soiled. [*Exit WEEMAN.*] And yet he's one of my own boys. I musn't let him go this way. [*Walks to the door and calls "WEEMAN!" Re-enter WEEMAN.*]

*Father Hyland*—Good-bye and God bless you!

*Weeman*—Good-bye, Father. [*Exit slowly.*]

*Father Hyland*—And I'm supposed to lecture to a lot of society women! Hang the lecture! What's the use? I'm writing about high thinking and simple living, and here is one of my own boys going to the devil. [*Telephone rings. Takes up receiver quickly.*] Hello! What's the matter with me? Nothing. I seem peeved? Well, I can't be grinning all the time like an ape, can I? How's the lecture coming? What lecture? O! the lecture to the Women's Club. Well, that's called off. When? Now. Yes, now; right now. Good afternoon. [*Hangs up receiver.*] No, lecturing is not the business for me. If I start it every boy in the parish will be spending his money in Waverly Academy and losing his faith. [*Throwing away each one of the sheets of paper on which he has written his lecture.*] There you go, "high thinking and low living"; there you go, "culture and art"; there you go, "high ideals and lofty purposes." [*Takes up his office book and sits down. Makes sign of the cross.*] Guess I'll pray for the Women's Guild of Combined Charities. [*As he begins, door and telephone bells ring. He looks from one to the other hopelessly.*]

[*Curtain.*]



## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

TIME—10 P. M., two days before WEEMAN leaves for Waverly Academy in September.

SCENE—Mangolia Club Room. Pennants hung from the walls. Pictures of actresses, baseball players, etc. A lounge, rocking chairs, a table, etc.

BROWN, SMITHSON, DIXON, CHESTERTON, STANTON, HEWITT are sitting or lolling around the room in different attitudes.

Brown—Say, Smithson, how did you like the show last night?

Smithson—Punk; too much preach. Something spicy for me.

Stanton—I didn't go. Saw it in Chicago; went for a ride instead and got home at twelve.

Dixon—I was at the park. Hand me a cigaret, Ernie. [SMITHSON hands silver case of cigarets.]

Chesterton—Say, fellows, do you know that bunch o' girls we saw at the Fraternity dance Wednesday?

Hewitt—Huh, huh. Peaches, weren't they?

Chesterton—Huh, huh. Well, I'm goin' to take 'em out ridin' Thursday night. We'll have supper at the Haverly Club, and then home by one-thirty A. M.!

Brown—What will the old man say, Ches?

Chesterton—O, the old man won't mind. He goes to bed at eight-thirty, and at one-thirty A. M. 'twould take a cannon to wake him.

Smithson—Let's have a game, fellows. Get the cards, Dix. This thing is too dull. [DIXON gets pack of cards; the others bring chairs to the center of room. All sit around table for a game of poker.]

Stanton—What's the limit, fellows—a quarter?

Hewitt—Say, but you're cheap, Stan! Let's make it worth while. Fifty cents and Ches for pot-master.

Stanton—All right. [They begin to play the game. WEEMAN enters.]

Brown—Hello, Weeman old boy. Where the devil have you been keepin' yourself? Haven't seen you for a week. Home with mamma, eh? [All laugh.]

Weeman—[Stragging.] Nope. Old lady hasn't seen me for a couple of days; been in Chicago.

Stanton—Goin' it fast, eh?

Weeman—O, some. Leaving for the East Friday.

Stanton—Where to? [To Dixon.] Deal, Dix.

Weeman—Waverly Academy.

Stanton—Pretty swell place. I'm goin' to Exmore. [*To the dealer.*] Pass!

Brown—[*To the dealer.*] Three, Dix. [*To WEEMAN.*] Any your crowd going with you, Weeman?

Weeman—[*Showing surprise.*] My crowd?

Brown—[*To the players.*] I'm in. Chip in, Stan. [*To Weeman.*] You know what I mean. That bunch you hang out with down there on the North Side.

Weeman—I don't get shu.

Chesterton—[*To dealer.*] Two cards.

Stanton—[*To dealer.*] Three.

Brown—Yes, you do get me. I mean that crowd of fellows down there where you live.

Weeman—O, I got shu now. I never go with that bunch.

Hewitt—[*To players.*] I bet a quarter.

Brown—[*To Hewitt.*] See you. [*To Weeman.*] You'd better not if you want to keep in here.

Weeman—Don't be afraid. I'll keep good and far away from that crowd.

Chesterton—Play, Dix. Hand me a cigaret, Smithson. Have one, Weeman. [*They light cigarets. Knock on the door.*]

Brown—[*Shouting so as to be heard outside.*] Who's there?

Chesterton—Be careful, Brown! You know gamblin' is against the law.

Smithson—Say, that's right, fellows. And it might be a cop, too! [*Another knock.*] Go and see who it is, Dix. [*DIXON goes to door and opens. Voice outside: "Is DUDE WEEMAN in there? His mother wants him."*]

Smithson—[*To those inside in a loud whisper.*] Two rough-necks from Weeman's section, fellows.

Brown—[*To those inside.*] Say, fellows, let's move the table away, get the chips off and have some fun with 'em. That's as much sport as anything else. [*They move the table to one side and gather up the chips.*]

[*Enter MOORE and FOSTER.*]

Smithson—[*Very forcibly so as to frighten the two.*] Well, what brings you in here, I'd like to know? Can't you get it into your head that this is a private club?

Moore—[*Surveying the room leisurely.*] Well, we-a—[*Seeing WEEMAN.*] O, hello, Dude! [*To MOORE.*] Well, we came in because you asked us to. We knocked first.

Smithson—O, you knocked first, eh? Well, probably you'll get knocked second.

Moore—Don't know. You can't tell.

Dixon—[*To Foster.*] And where do *you* live?

*Foster*—In a house.

*Dixon*—No, not in a house; in a shack.

*Foster*—Is it? Come round some time an' make sure.

*Dixon*—[*Ironically.*] Yes, I will! I'd like to see myself going into the rickety house where your old man lives.

*Foster*—Now listen, fellow, you can say all you want to about the old shack, as you call it. But don't you say anything 'bout my dad.

*Dixon*—Well, I guess I'll say whatever I feel like.

*Foster*—No you won't—if it's 'bout my dad.

*Moore*—[*To DIXON.*] Now look here, Mister, we didn't come in here to start a scrap, an' we ain't goin' to. We just came in to tell Dude Weeman his mother wants him.

*Dixon*—[*To WEEMAN.*] Huh! Tied to your ma, eh?

*Smithson*—[*To WEEMAN.*] Better go home, dearie, your ma wants you! [*Members of Mangolia laugh and ridicule WEEMAN.*]

*Weeman*—[*Angrily to MOORE and FOSTER.*] Now you fellows have got no business buttin' in here. You just never mind comin' in, but tend to your own business. Don't know you fellows; don't want to have anything to do with you, do you hear?

*Moore*—Dude, I just want to explain that your mother sent over to the gym to ask a couple o' fellows to hunt you up. She wanted to see you pretty bad. Well, we decided we'd hunt you up, an' that's why we're here. Now, Dude, if you [*looking round at the others*] or any of you guys think we skulked in on you to be one o' you or have anything to do with you, you're very much mistaken.

*Smithson*—Well, it's not likely we'd let two rough-necks like you in on us—if we knew it. You're not in our class.

*Dixon*—No, you belong to the cheap set. Probably your mother takes in washing.

*Moore*—[*Stepping toward DIXON.*] Now, just cut that, kid, or there'll be trouble.

*Dixon*—[*Stepping toward MOORE.*] No, I won't cut it, you low-down. What right have you got in here, anyway? Get out—or I'll kick you out.

*Moore*—I'll get out all right, but you won't kick me out.

*Dixon*—Yes, I will. [*Pushes MOORE.*]

*Moore*—Be careful, fellow. I'll get out all right; but I don't want you to think you can kick me out.

*Chesterton*—[*Stepping up.*] Biff him one, Dix!

*Stanton*—Punch his face for him!

*Smithson*—Smash him, Dix, or I will!

*Foster*—[*Stepping between MOORE and SMITHSON.*] No, sir! You just stay right where you are.

*Brown*—Say, fellows, let's all clean up on 'em!

*Moore*—[*Looks around and counts.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven 'gen two. Gee, but you're brave!

*Smithson*—No, it don't take seven. Here's a pair of gloves [*hands gloves*] an' if I don't lick you alone, I'll never ride another Pierce-Arrow. Come, put on the gloves!

*Moore*—[*Quietly.*] Don't think so. Ain't fond o' fightin'.

*Smithson*—No, you little measly, beggarly coward; of course you're not fond o' fightin'. Put on the gloves or I'll make pulp o' you, do you hear?

*Moore*—[*Slowly.*] Now let me see? No, sport, 'tain't that I'm a coward or afraid o' you, for I ain't. It's somethin' else. Say, *Foster*, [*aside to FOSTER*] do you think I'm allowed to fight the guy? You know Father Hyland said we shouldn't be pickin' up quarrels.

*Foster*—[*Aside to MOORE.*] You ain't pickin' up no quarrel; he's startin' it.

*Moore*—[*Aside to FOSTER.*] Think it's all right to go in?

*Foster*—[*Aside to MOORE.*] Sure thing, kid, he's startin' it. [*During this conversation SMITHSON takes off coat and puts on gloves.*]

*Smithson*—[*Coming near MOORE.*] So you're yellow, eh? You coward!

*Moore*—No, I'm not yellow, nor a coward, but I don't believe in fightin'.

*Smithson*—Well, to show you you're yellow and a coward, take that and shut up! [*SMITHSON hits MOORE with his gloved fist on the face.*]

*Moore*—[*Flinging off his coat.*] All right, I'm with you. [*FOSTER helps him to put on gloves. They begin to fight. During the boxing contest SMITHSON's friends encourage him with, "Biff him, SMITHIE!" "Land a good one, ERNIE!" "Lead off!" "Hammer him one!" etc.*]

*Foster*—[*Keeping behind MOORE.*] Watch your openin', Frank! Let him do the leadin', kid! Nice guard! [*They fight for some moments. At the proper time FOSTER says, "Rush him, kid; he's all in."* *MOORE rushes on SMITHSON, hits him several times in quick succession and finally knocks SMITHSON out. FOSTER helps MOORE to take off the gloves and to put on his coat. The others try to revive SMITHSON. All the members of the Mangolia Club are silent. FOSTER goes out, followed by MOORE. Just at the door MOORE turns round and looks at the group.*]

Moore—Then I'll tell your mother you ain't comin', Dude.  
[*Ereunt MOORE and FOSTER. The Mongolia Club boys and WEEMAN remain silent as the curtain goes down slowly.*]

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

TIME—*Next evening.*

SCENE—*Gymnasium of Junior Holy Name. Boys tossing basket-ball, exercising on parallel bars, horizontal bar, swinging Indian clubs, boring, etc.*

Pierce—Wonder how Father Hyland found it out?

Wise—How did he? How does he find out everything? Didn't he find out when "Lemon" broke the sacristy window? Didn't he find out when "Mope" hit "Toby" with an eraser on the back o' the head? Shucks! You can't do nothin' he don't find out.

Donovan—I know who told him. Bet shu Dude did.

Werner—Sure o' that?

Donovan—Nuh, ain't sure; but I saw Dude goin' in to see him this mornin'.

Templeton—What's goin' to happen to you, Frank, old kid?

Moore—Gosh, don't ask me. Guess I'll be thrown out o' the society. Father Hyland is pretty hard on fightin'.

Foster—Well, 'twasn't your fault.

Moore—Huh, an' supposin' I tell him that, what'll he say?

Foster—He'll say, "Glad to hear it, Frank, glad to hear it."

Moore—Yes, he will! Here's what he'll say: "Substantiate your statement, sir; substantiate your statement. In other words, sir, make it appear."

Foster—An' then what'll you say?

Moore—What'll I say? Gosh, I'll say nothin'—wont be able to say nothin'.

Bayfield—Now, fellows, I tell you 'twill be all right. Every one knows Frank wasn't lookin' for a scrap. Father Hyland won't think a thing about it.

Moore—[*Doubtfully.*] Won't he?

Bayfield—Of course he won't. He'll just walk in an' say: [*Imitating manner of FATHER HYLAND.*] "Well, Mr. Moore, what's this I hear; you've been fightin'?"

Eyre—[*Disgusted.*] Naw, not "fightin'," but, "Mr. Moore, you've had a pu-pu-gilistic encounter."

Johnson—Yeh, that's it—"pugilistic encounter."

Bayfield—An' then Moore will say the *confiteor* down to *mea maxima culpa*. Then Father Hyland will say, "Did you hurt him?"

Eyre—[*Disgusted.*] Naw, no "hurt him"; "did you inflict severe bodily chastisement?"

Johnson—Yeh, that's it—"severe bodily chastisement."

Bayfield—Then Moore, kind o' proud-like, will say, "I did."

Higgins—An' Father Hyland will say: [*Shaking hands with MOORE and imitating manner of FATHER HYLAND.*] "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" [*Enter FATHER HYLAND.*]

Father Hyland—What? What? What? [*Looking around over the boys.*]

Higgins—Father, [*scratching his head in a hesitating manner*] another guy an' I had an argument 'bout—'bout where children go who ain't baptized.

Lenniham—Yeh, an' I thought different all de time.

Father Hyland—[*Turning toward LENNIHAM and HIGGINS with mock solemnity.*] Young men I don't follow you, don't get the sequence of your ideas. You had an argument—an altercation in other words—with a guy. Now tell me what's a guy?

Lenniham—Father, a guy's a kid.

Father Hyland—And a kid is a young goat?

Lenniham—No, Father; a kid is what the Sisters call a boy.

Father Hyland—[*Pretending to be enlightened.*] Indeed, indeed! So a kid is actually a boy!

Regan—[*Aside to ANDERSON.*] Maybe he'll forget about Moore's fight.

Anderson—[*Aside to REGAN.*] Hope so!

Father Hyland—So you had an argument with a boy as to where unbaptized infants go. And how did you settle it?

Johnson—We didn't settle it, Father; we fought it out.

Regan—[*Aside to ANDERSON.*] Gosh, fightin' it out will make him think o' Moore's fight.

Anderson—[*Aside to REGAN.*] That boob Johnson!

Father Hyland—Fought it out, eh? That's what the theologians always do.

Johnson—The question is pretty deep for me, Father.

Father Hyland—Quite so, quite so, indeed. [*Turning to JOHNSON with mock solemnity.*] "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." [*Addressing all the boys.*] So our friend Weeman is going off to school Friday?

Regan—[*Aside to ANDERSON.*] Gosh! he'll think of it now.

Anderson—[*Aside to REGAN.*] Yeh, he's comin' to it.

Tucker—Yes, Father; his mother wants him to go to a swell school in the East.

Father Hyland—[*Pretending not to understand.*] A swell school? What's that?

Tucker—That's what the catalogue calls an exclusive school.

Father Hyland—And who else is going to this exclusive school?

Tucker—No one else. Our dads ain't got the dough.

Father Hyland—[*Pretending not to understand.*] The dough? Are they all bakers?

Tucker—I mean they ain't got the money.

Father Hyland—O! the money; the *unum necessarium*. Quite so, indeed. Now let me see? Who missed Communion last Sunday? You, Ralph?

Regan—No; I was there, Father.

Father Hyland—You, George?

Eyre—Yes I was there, Father.

Father Hyland—And Ray, how about you?

Higgins—I went to the lake last Saturday to get some frog legs—

Father Hyland—That's a shame.

Higgins—For you, Father.

Father Hyland—Well, that is-er-a mitigating circumstance. But don't let it happen again.

Higgins—No, Father; I won't.

Father Hyland—[*Looking at the boys for some moments.*] It only remains for me to tell you not to be too noisy. Boys should be seen and not heard. [*Boys shake their heads and show signs of disapproval.*] And they should be seen but seldom—mostly in school and church. [*Boys show signs of disagreement.*] Above all, do not remain too late.

Moore—Ten o'clock, Father?

Father Hyland—[*With assumed severity.*] Ten o'clock! Why, young man, do you think this is an all-night theatre? Ten o'clock, indeed! Why, my young men, the world is in its third sleep—or ought to be—at ten o'clock. Let me see. [*Looks at his watch.*] It's now five minutes after eight. Let the last boy of you be out of here by nine o'clock.

Severel—O, Father!

Father Hyland—No use. The die is cast!

Donovan—[*Coaxing.*] Please, Father!

Father Hyland—No; home sweet home at 9 o'clock!

Werner—We'll be just as quiet as if we were in church.

*Father Hyland*—[*With mock solemnity.*] I am not in the giving mood today!

*Lennihan*—Make it half-past nine, Father. You know we're good.

*Father Hyland*—Yes I do!

*Regan*—Please, Father; just tonight!

*Father Hyland*—[*Reflecting.*] No, not tonight. You've been fairly good this week, to be sure. [*Boys show signs of happiness.*] Only fairly good, however. [*Boys shake their heads gloomily.*] Later on, possibly; not tonight. [*Moves out of the gymnasium.*]

*Johnson*—[*Shouting.*] Here, Lennihan, put on the gloves with me.

*Father Hyland*—[*Turning round quickly.*] That reminds me.

*Regan*—[*Aside to ANDERSON.*] He's thought of it now!

*Anderson*—[*Aside to REGAN.*] That fool Johnson! Spoils everything!

*Father Hyland*—Yes, that reminds me. Frank, come here! [*MOORE approaches slowly and stands in front of FATHER HYLAND.*] Frank, I hear you've been in a—a—

*Eyre*—Pu-pu-gilistic encounter.

*Father Hyland*—[*Looking at EYRE.*] Yes, pugilistic encounter will do. [*To MOORE.*] How about it, Frank?

*Moore*—[*Slowly.*] Yes, Father, I had a little trouble over at the Mangolia Club last night.

*Regan*—[*Aside to ANDERSON.*] Gosh, Moore had best be in the state o' grace!

*Anderson*—[*Aside to REGAN.*] Yeh. He'll be killed!

*Father Hyland*—[*To MOORE.*] Tell me about it.

*Moore*—[*Looking at FOSTER.*] You tell it, Fos; you weren't in it.

*Father Hyland*—[*With mock solemnity.*] Yes, if you're what we may call a disinterested spectator, go ahead.

*Foster*—Well, me an' Frank—

*Father Hyland*—No, Frank and I, if you please.

*Foster*—Well, then, Frank an' me—no, Frank an' I—went to the Mangolia Club to get Dude Weeman 'cause his mother wanted to see him an' she asked us to please go an' get him an' we did. Well, one o' them kids up there—

*Father Hyland*—Kids? Those are the strange creatures the Sisters call boys?

*Foster*—Huh, huh.

*Father Hyland*—[*With mock severity.*] Well, go on.



*Foster*—Well, this guy he began to abuse Frank about his mother, his home, an' such. Well, after a while they plagued Frank to put on the gloves with the guy an' fight 'im. Well, Frank, he got mad after awhile, put on the gloves an' cleaned up on the guy good an' proper.

*Father Hyland*—[*Pretending to be mystified.*] Cleaned up? Gave him a bath, do you mean?

*Foster*—No; poked him a few good biffs an' knocked him down.

*Father Hyland*—[*Looking at MOORE solemnly for some moments.*] Did you do that, Frank?

*Moore*—[*Appearing to be very sorry.*] Yeh, Father, but I'm very sorry.

*Father Hyland*—[*Slowly.*] You are? [*After a brief pause.*] I doubt it, sir; I doubt it.

*Foster*—Well, Father, 'twas they a' started it. Said we were rough-necks, an' such.

*Father Hyland*—[*Interested.*] And you say he actually knocked him down? Was he a big boy—as big as you?

*Foster*—O, bigger!

*Father Hyland*—Bigger, eh? An' you say he hit him several times with the glove?

*Foster*—Huh, huh. Biffed him one on the nose.

*Father Hyland*—[*Pleased.*] Well, well, well! And you tell me you boys didn't start it?

*Foster*—No, Father; honest we didn't.

*Father Hyland*—But you tell me Frank finished it.

*Foster*—Huh, huh.

*Father Hyland*—[*Seriously to all.*] On general principles, boys, we ought never go into a fight if we can stay out of it with honor. But if we can't, let's go in and fight to win. For ourselves, our homes, our country we must strive to have peace; but when we are unjustly dealt by—then war till we are given our rights. Our country first, last and always. Frank, I like your spirit—you are free of all blame. In fact, the father of the young man whom you treated to such a beating called in to see me this morning and said it was just what the fellow needed. Don't fight, boys, unless you have to; and then—do you hear me? [*Boys nod assent.*]—and then when you have to, fight as though you mean every lick you give. [*Taking out watch and looking at it for some moments with reflection.*] Yes, you may stay till nine-thirty. [*Boys cheer and handclap. They begin in groups to box, to toss the basket-ball, to swing on the bars.*]

[*Curtain.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

TIME—*Evening. Six months later.*

SCENE—*Mangolia Club Room. Boys seated around or lolling on rocking chairs as in ACT II, SCENE I. Some playing cards.*

*Brown*—That'll make it kind o' hard on Dude.

*Smithson*—What'll make it hard on Dude?

*Brown*—Didn't you hear?

*Smithson*—Hear what?

*Brown*—Why, that Dude's father failed; busted clean. Business gone under; lost everything.

*Dixon*—When did you hear that, Brown?

*Brown*—Two days ago from the old man. Said he saw it coming six months ago.

*Chesterton*—Yeh, and Dude's back from school—couldn't stand the expenses.

*Stanton*—Well, Dude's old man was a blamed fool for letting himself get broke. Dude will go around like a beggar from now on, I'll bet! Well, he'd better not come to me.

*Hewitt*—O, I'll give him a dollar to help him along and let him go at that.

*Stanton*—I'll give him a quarter.

*Chesterton*—I'll give him the first jack-pot I win.

*Brown*—Now, fellows, let's quit kiddin' an' get down to straight goods. On the square, if Dude can't keep up with his company he shouldn't be in it.

*Dixon*—That's what I say.

*Stanton*—Yesterday he was up here hanging on like a leech. Now if he can't keep up with the bunch he should get out.

*Dixon*—That's what I say.

*Hewitt*—That's right. We didn't bust his father's business, and if Dude can't go the pace he'd better get out.

*Smithson*—And, anyhow, he doesn't belong to our crowd—never did belong to it. He belongs with that crowd on the North Side.

*Hewitt*—Yeh, with the crowd that has that fellow with the dandy wallop. [*They all laugh and point to SMITHSON.*]

*Smithson*—That's all right, fellows, I've no kick coming. That guy did clean me all right. But just the same Dude's got to go. He can't pay the dues, his old man has sold the Pierce-Arrow. Dude can't stand the pace here, so he's got to go.

*Dixon*—Yes, that's right.

*Brown*—Well, he'll be up here in a little while and when he comes we'll vote on it.

*Stanton*—And let the vote be nix all round. Do you hear? —nix all round.

*Several*—Yeh.

*Smithson*—Maybe he won't want to stick around now, anyhow.

*Stanton*—Won't, eh? You don't know leeches! [*Enter WEEMAN. Boys pay no attention to him.*]

*Weeman*—Hello, fellows!

*Brown*—[*Coldly, not looking at him.*] Hello!

*Weeman*—[*To those playing cards.*] Having a little game, eh?

*Brown*—[*Coldly.*] Yes. What can we do for you?

*Weeman*—O, I just thought I'd drop in.

*Brown*—[*After they have stopped playing cards.*] To be straight with you, Dude, we've 'bout concluded to drop you from the club. You see your father's failure has forced you out of Waverly and naturally you can't stand the expense here. We hate like everything to do it, but there's nothing else left.

*Weeman*—Well, don't you stand by a fellow when he's down? Isn't it one of your rules to stand by each other?

*Brown*—You can't meet the expenses here, Dude, and naturally we can't keep you as a member of the club.

*Weeman*—O, well, you might keep a fellow for a couple of months. Maybe by that time dad's business will be straightened out and I'll be able to pay.

*Brown*—What do you say, fellows? Will we hold him on?

*Stanton*—Let's put it to a vote.

*Dixon*—Yeh, fellows, let's vote on it.

*Brown*—All right. Get the slips o' paper, Hewitt.

*Weeman*—All I ask is two months, fellows. By that time, I'm pretty sure my father will have things fixed up.

*Brown*—Just vote as you feel like, fellows, and never mind Dude. Those who want him to stay vote "Yes"; those who want him out vote "No." Do you hear?—"No." [*The slips of paper are passed around. Brown counts the votes. All vote "No."*]

*Brown*—Then that means you've got to go, Dude.

*Weeman*—Got to go, eh? Got to go! So that's all your talk of "stick together" amounts to! You hold on to a fellow while his father's got the money, and when he's broke you kick him out. That's your stick together, eh?

*Stanton*—Well, I guess we can keep the fellows we want, and the fellows who can't stand the pace we kick out.

Weeman—[*Looking around at the members.*] And this is the bunch I've been going with! And these are the fellows I've been bowing to! Just when a guy's down they let him stay down to get along the best he can. So that's the friendship of the Mangolia Club! [*Picking up his hat and starting for the door.*] Well, fellows, I'm through. Of course you've voted me out, but I wouldn't stay now if you voted me in a thousand times.

Several—Sour grapes!

Weeman—No, 'tain't sour grapes! It's just that I've been a fool all along trying to make up with a bunch that doesn't belong where I ought to belong. Good-bye, fellows. I'm through—through for good. I'm going back to the bunch I know. They may not want me, either, after the way I snubbed them every time I got a chance. I'll try them anyhow. Maybe they'll forgive and forget. Anyhow, I'm through here. Good-bye, and for always! [*Exit.*]

Brown—Good riddance!

Chesterton—So long!

Dixon—Skidoo! [*They get around table and begin to play a game of poker.*]

[*Curtain.*]

## SCENE II.

TIME—7:30 next evening.

SCENE—Junior Holy Name meeting room. The members of the society seated. FRANK MOORE presiding.

Moore—[*Rapping for order.*] The Secretary will please read the minutes of the preceding meeting.

Wise—[*Rises and reads.*] The last meeting of the Junior Holy Name Society was held Wednesday evening, November 9th, all the members being present except Tommie Donovan, who said he had to drive the cows to the pasture, and Toby Tucker, who reported that he had a stomach-ache.

Tucker—That ain't so! I didn't say I had a stomach-ache.

Wise—Did too!

Tucker—Bet shu dime I didn't.

Moore—[*Rapping.*] Come to order, please! Come to order!

Tucker—Well he had no business sayin' I had a stomach-ache when I didn't.

Wise—You said you had; that's all I've got to say.

Tucker—No, I didn't, either.

Wise—Yes, you did.

Moore—[*Rapping.*] Order! Order! [*To TUCKER.*] Mr. Tucker, did you have a stomach-ache?

Tucker—No; 'course I didn't.

Moore—Mister Secretary, the gentleman should know if he had a stomach-ache. Correct that and say Mr. Tucker didn't have a stomach-ache.

Wise—[*Writing and reading as he writes.*] Mr.—Tucker—didn't—have—a—stomach—ache. [*Resumes reading minutes.*] The minutes of the last meeting were read and highly approved. The President said that the Secretary wrote the best minutes [*members look at one another and show disagreement*] he ever heard. He said that the society owed a vote of thanks to the Secretary—

Eyre—Oh, ho, swell why don't shu!

Regan—Say, but you're the guy that pats yourself on the back!

Templeton—You'll bust like a balloon from praisin' yourself!

Moore—[*Rapping.*] Order! Come to order, please!

Wise—[*Reading.*] To the Secretary. He said that the Secretary was the cleverest—

Several—O, gosh! Listen to that!

Moore—Mr. Secretary, cut out all the rest about the Secretary. He's had enough.

Wise—All right, Mr. President. [*Turns over several pages.*] The Treasurer's report was next read. Several mistakes were found in the Treasurer's book, which took the society some time to fix up with the aid of the Secretary—

Donovan—Good night! Swell some more, why don't shu!

Werner—If that don't kill a fellow the way that guy talks about himself!

Moore—[*Severely.*] The gentlemen must come to order!

Pierce—I'd like to know where he gets that bunk 'bout my 'counts not bein' correct?

Wise—Well, didn't you spend twenty cents for postage stamps, an' didn't you forget to put it down till I told shu?

Moore—Continue, Mr. Secretary, and cut out all that puts the Treasurer in bad.

Wise—[*Turns over two pages.*] The committee on games handed in a report about the spring field-day that was so badly mixed up that the Secretary had to straighten it out.

Johnson—O, gosh! hear him! I was in that committee an' the report wasn't mixed up.

Lennihan—So was I, too; the boob!

Moore—[*Rapping.*] The gentlemen will please come to order!

Wise—[*Reading.*] The President thanked the Secretary for fixing it up and said the society would be in a bad way if it didn't have such a good Secretary. The Secretary—

Moore—[*Severely.*] Skip that and read something about somebody else.

Lennihan—[*Ironically.*] There ain't nothin' else.

Wisc—[*Skips some pages and reads.*] The report of the committee on new members was brought in, but as Ralph Regan couldn't read his own writin', the President asked the Secretary to read it, which he did in a very fine manner.

Regan—That ain't so, Mr. President. When I started readin' he grabbed the book an' said, "Let me do it."

Wisc—Didn't either.

Regan—Did too.

Moore—Order! Order! Everything must be done by parliamentary pro-pro—[*Aside to FOSTER.*] What did Father Hyland say that was?

Foster—[*Aside to MOORE.*] Precedence.

Moore—By-ah-parliamentary precedence.

Higgins—That ain't the word, Mr. President. It's parliamentary precedence.

Anderson—No, 'tain't precedence, Mister. It's parliamentary procedure.

Moore—[*Relieved.*] Yeh, that's it. Well, let me see? Where were we?

McCabe—You were tellin' Regan to be still when you got stuck on parliamentary procedure.

Moore—Huh, huh, that's it. Regan, you keep still, an' you continue readin' 'bout yourself, Mr. Secretary.

Wisc—[*Reading.*] After that the Secretary helped out the committee on new members and was praised for this by the President. The committee on the Christmas entertainment was called on for a report and didn't have any, so the President asked the Secretary to look into that matter and he said he would and was praised for it.

Several—Oh! ho!

Moore—Order!

Wisc—Next the library committee said that more books were needed for the library, but all the money was spent buyin' hand-balls. Then the President told the Secretary to look into this matter also, and he said he would and was praised for it.

McCabe—That's it, keep on swelling!

Moore—Order!

Wisc—The new rules committee was asked for a report and they said the old rules were all right, and that it would be better if there were no rules. [*All members applaud.*] The Treasurer then said that some of the members were back in their dues and it was hard to collect. Then the President said

to the Secretary: "You go ahead and tend to that matter." And he said he would and received praise for it. [*Members show signs of disgust.*] Then there was some other business and after awhile the President said the prayer and the meeting adjourned, and everybody went to the gym for a good time. Then Father Hyland said to the Secretary: "Mr. Wise, you keep your eye on the boys and make them behave." [*All members show signs of disapproval.*]

Moore—[*After some considerable pause.*] You have heard the minutes. What will we do with 'em?

All—Throw 'em out!

Moore—You're out of order. What will we do with 'em?

McCabe—That's what I'd like to know?

Moore—Will we let 'em go as they are?

Several—Huh, huh; let 'em go.

Moore—All right; the minutes are accepted. Only make 'em shorter next time by cuttin' out all that bunk 'bout yourself.

Wise—Well, don't you kids like it?

Several—No!

Wise—[*Throwing down his book and sitting down.*] Well, you just write the minutes yourselves next time. [*Enter FATHER HYLAND. Boys stand up.*]

Father Hyland—Just sit down, boys. Is your meeting over?

Moore—The committees have to report, but we can take that up next meeting, Father. [*The boys sit down.*]

Father Hyland—Well, boys, for a long time I've been promising to tell you a story, but somehow I've never been able to get to it. Tonight I've a free hour and if you'll sit very still I'll tell you one. [*Boys settle down and show interest.*] Two ships lay at anchor ready to sail out to sea. One was a large vessel, white-decked, her flags floating along every wind. Costly cabins, a small theatre, great promenades, swimming-pools, rich dining-rooms, grand music—all that wealth can have—were set down as a part of her manifold enchantments. The other was a little black ship, like a sea tramp, showing dingy port-holes along her sides. Her decks were of rough, weather-beaten boards, her cabins dark and small, her dining-room low and uninviting, the fare of her passengers the simplest. On the first vessel gold-laced officers bowed to the rich passengers who crossed the plank for their glorious ocean voyage. On the other vessel rough seamen made ready for their journey and now and then nodded to the poor peasants who took passage with them. After a time came along a well-dressed young man with a servant carrying his baggage. He stopped for a moment

and looked at the hut-steamer on his way to the palace of the ocean.

"Won't you come with us?" asked the old captain, smiling as he stood at the gangway.

"With you? and in that crazy old ship? Not in a thousand years!" The young man flung his head high in disdain as he followed his servant to the palace of the sea.

That same day both ships sailed toward the open ocean. The large ship moved along with the majesty of a lion; the little vessel stole behind like a mongrel dog unheard of and unheeded. There were bright hours of pleasure in the palace of the ocean; there was quiet living in the hut of the sea that trailed in its shadow.

One day, midway the voyage, a wind's breath freshened the sea and later flung her into lashing bellows. Clouds glided across the heavens as the great wind rose and swelled. The young man, who had watched disdainfully the beggar ship before he left on his voyage, watched her with disdain now, too, as she rose and fell on the tossing sea. Suddenly a wave, flung over-decks by a wind gust, caught him in its embrace and presently he was cast on the sea. "Man overboard!" was shouted from tongue to tongue. Liveried officers looked over the railing and saw the form flung on the waves. "It's his loss! We can't endanger ourselves to save every fool who falls overboard!" cried the captain as the great ship steamed on. The tramp ship followed and as she passed, the young man was still afloat. "Man a life-boat!" cried the captain. Three hardy sailors went down the ship's side and in a moment were rising and falling with the swell and pitch of the sea. They saved the proud young man who scorned their tramp ship when safe on land. [*Silence for some moments.*]

*Anderson*—He was one good captain, wasn't he, Father?

*Father Hyland*—He was.

*McCabe*—An' those sailors, they were brave.

*Father Hyland*—Yes, very brave.

*Lennihan*—An' that young man, I bet he was thankful.

*Father Hyland*—You may be sure.

*Bayfield*—An' sorry for the way he acted.

*Father Hyland*—No doubt he was. [*Pause.*] Now I suppose you'd all like to be those three sailors.

*Several*—You bet.

*Father Hyland*—Would you really?

*Several*—Sure, Father.

*Father Hyland*—And you'd like to be the captain, Frank?

*Moore*—Gee! but I would, Father.



*Father Hyland*—And all you others—you would like to be those three sailors?

*All*—Sure!

*Father Hyland*—Well, now, here you have it. Your society, not very large, not very powerful, is the humble, little ship on the world sea to help save all it can. Frank, stand up. [*MOORE stands up.*] Boys, attention. [*Boys sit up straight.*] Frank, you're the captain; boys, you're the sailors.

*Moore*—But there's no man overboard, Father?

*Father Hyland*—Yes, we can find him, too. [*Leaves the room and in a few moments returns with WEEMAN. Silence.*] Here's your man overboard; your brother Weeman—because he is your brother, although he has not known—is fallen overboard. The ship Mangolia has sped on without picking him up. Your small ship is passing him now. Man your life-boats and save him!

*Moore*—I don't understand, Father, just what you mean about Weeman.

*Father Hyland*—Well, my young man, you had best explain as you explained to me this morning.

*Weeman*—Well, boys, you know my father has had lots of trouble, and lost everything we had. I had to leave school three days ago because I couldn't pay the tuition. Last night I went into the Mangolia Club and the fellows expelled me because of the disgrace that came on my father. They took a vote and voted me out. And now, having learned my lesson, that money doesn't make any real friends, and that I've been a fool all along in trying to get away from my own crowd, I come to ask you to admit me into the Junior Holy Name Society.

*Moore*—Very good, but you must have the approval of our spiritual director.

*Father Hyland*—He has.

*Moore*—And you'll come to Communion every month?

*Weeman*—I'll try never to miss.

*Moore*—The Chair will—will—[*Aside to FOSTER.*] What is that, Foster?

*Foster*—[*Aside to MOORE.*] Entertain a motion.

*Moore*—The Chair will entertain a motion for Mr. Weeman to be admitted into the Junior Holy Name Society.

*Pierce*—Mr. President, I make a motion that Mr. Weeman be admitted as a member of the Junior Holy Name Society.

*Werner*—Mr. President, I second the motion.

*Moore*—All in favor of the motion will signify the same by saying "Aye."

*All*—[*Very strongly.*] Aye. [*Applause and members shake hands with WEEMAN as curtain goes down.*]

[THE END.]





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